

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 878.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880.

PRICE 1½d.

NINE DAYS ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

THE vast plains of Northern California are penetrated by a transverse range of the Rocky Mountains, connecting the Sierra Nevada with the mountains on the coast of the Pacific. Towards the most northerly point of this transverse range stands the magnificent peak of Shasta. It rises to fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea—being within fourteen hundred feet of the altitude of Mont Blanc. It differs, however, very largely from the latter mountain in its superficial appearance and formation. The monarch of the Alps is remarkable for its vast glaciers, ever creeping down towards the valley, yet ever being renewed in the lofty region of snow and ice from which they descend. Glacial action is there in perpetual and active operation, rending the sides of the mountain into great chasms of ice, which in their turn are filled up by the descending avalanches of snow, to be transmuted in time into the substance of the glacier itself. And so on the process goes from year to year and age to age. Moreover, the traveller who dares ascend these Alpine cliffs has a thousand dangers to contend with—now of slipping into one of those dark-blue crevices which yawn below and around him, now of being caught in the rush of the coming avalanche and buried deep in its deadly embrace.

But Mount Shasta, while covered in great part by snow and ice, does not present such manifestations of glacial action; and it is only within these few years that it has been ascertained that there are glaciers on the mountain at all. And such glaciers as do exist towards its summit seem, in the opinion of scientific observers, as much the relics of a past condition of things as the formation of the present. Yet the ascent of its shining slopes of frozen snow is not unaccompanied with such elements of danger as give to it the zest of adventure. The face of the mountain is thickly strewn with immense boulders of rock, detached

from the summit and its fringe of precipices, and which the slightest touch brings crashing down across the track of the traveller. This constant movement downward of fresh boulders may be due to the singular and interesting fact, that on the top of this mighty cone, nearly three miles above the level of the sea, its sides encased in a coating of perpetual snow and ice, are a great number of hot springs, continually welling up, and puffing jets of steam and heated spray into the thin chill atmosphere which there prevails; thus exercising a solvent influence upon the surrounding accumulations of frozen materials, and covering the shining slopes below with the dislodged masses of rock and ice.

Of this little-known and interesting mountain, a very graphic and intelligent account is given in the March issue of *The Californian*—a new and promising magazine whose name has not yet perhaps penetrated far into the Old World. The account is from the pen of Mr B. A. Colonna, who in the summer of 1878 made a journey to the summit of Shasta, and remained there for nine days for the purpose of scientific observation. In that year, Mr Carlisle P. Patterson, Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, authorised Professor Davidson to place a theodolite and heliograph on Mount Shasta, in connection with the work of survey then going on under the Professor's direction. The heliograph, also known as the heliotrope, is an instrument for signalling messages from one point to another by flashing the sun's rays from a mirror. The apparatus consists simply of a square or round mirror fixed on an ordinary tripod stand, and is of various sizes according to distance and atmosphere. It can only be used in a clear sky and in bright sunshine, and while in Great Britain it has been of especial service in the Ordnance Survey, and is now in general use for military purposes, the apparatus is especially useful in India and eastern countries generally. A very small instrument is capable of sending a flash a long distance. A ten-inch mirror will reflect the sun's rays in the

form of a bright spot, or flare, to a distance of fifty miles, the signal at this interval being recognisable without a telescope. In signalling, a kind of Morse alphabet, consisting as it were of long and short 'dashes,' is used, the dash being formed by holding an obscuring screen in front of the mirror for the length of time previously arranged. The heliograph is thus of great value as a means of communication between two distant divisions of an army, as no one can see the flash but those at the point to which the signal is directed; and the line of communication neither requires to be kept open, nor can it be interfered with by an enemy. Another use of the heliograph is in the measurement of long intervals of space, required in making extensive surveys, such as the measurement of an arc of the meridian.

It was for the purposes of survey rather than of signalling, that the United States Survey Department were desirous to erect a heliograph on Mount Shasta, so as if possible to connect that mountain directly with the summit of Mount Helena, standing one hundred and ninety-two miles distant.

The duty of erecting the heliograph on Mount Shasta was assigned by Professor Davidson to Mr Colonna, who on the 24th July began the ascent. Another member of the same Survey had been the first, three years before, to ascend Shasta and remain over-night; he on a second ascent remaining on the summit for three days. Mr Colonna was desirous, if necessary, to remain there for a still longer period, and made his arrangements accordingly. The day on which he began his journey was a delightful one, and the party were in fine spirits. Instead of the three or four guides, with alpenstocks and axes, which the Alpine climber employs, Mr Colonna's outfit, of seven hundred and fifty pounds-weight, had to be packed from the snow-line to the summit on the backs of twenty stout Indians—curious people, one would think, to associate with a progress amid eternal snow and ice. And not only so, but these Indians were accompanied with their usual complement of wives or squaws, papooses (babies), and lean dogs; the 'Indian bucks,' as he calls the men, being gaily dressed in linen 'dusters' reaching to within six inches of the ground, and jaunty straw-hats adorned with broad bands of red or blue ribbon. 'Nearly every one in the party was mounted; and it was a somewhat noisy company, in which the voices of the bucks and squaws were mingled with the crying of papooses and the barking of dogs, so that no one sound was clearly distinguishable.' The route was over a beautiful smooth mountain-trail, of a gentle ascent, the distance to the top from the starting-point being about twelve miles, or a vertical elevation of ten thousand four hundred and forty feet. At first the path wound about in splendid forests of sugar-pine; but after a two hours' ride, the sugar-pine became much smaller, and was interspersed with red fir; and at the end of three hours the

sugar-pine had disappeared entirely, and there was red fir only. 'One hour later,' he says, 'and we passed through the most beautiful forest of these trees that I have ever seen. It was entirely free from underbrush. The trees were young and vigorous; and their symmetrical and beautifully tapering trunks and branches, towering many feet above our heads, were decorated with very delicate and pretty yellow mosses. There were tracks of deer in and across the trail everywhere, and occasionally a bear's track could be seen; but our noise frightened them, and they hid away.'

At three p.m. they had reached the upper edge of the timber, where they were to spend the night, and above them towered the beautiful snow-clad peak of Shasta. While the squaws picketed the ponies where they could obtain a scanty meal from the grass, which was just beginning to spring up among the rocks, the guide sent some of the bucks forward to walk over the snow while it was still soft from the noonday sun, in order that they might save cutting places in it for their feet when they began the ascent in the morning. After their evening meal, skin-blankets were spread on the ground, and they went to sleep, but not till the Indians, under their medicine-man, had performed such ceremonies as are customary with them before undertaking any important affair, accompanied with a monotonous chant, under the influence of which Mr Colonna fell asleep, and did not awake till the first streak of light was visible in the east. Comparatively few Indians, he says, have ever been to the summit of Mount Shasta, as with them it seems a sacred place, its snowy mantle being regarded with reverence as the emblem of purity, nor will they defile it even with tobacco-juice.

When the party began the ascent on the second day, the morning was clear, and the atmosphere sharp and bracing, the thermometer standing at thirty-two degrees. The trail which the Indians had previously tramped in the snow was followed step by step, thus saving much time that would otherwise have been expended in chopping a way in the frozen snow. Red snow was reached at an elevation of about ten thousand feet, the microscopic fungi which constitute the colouring-matter being very abundant. The surface of the snow was white as usual, the fungi lying at the depth of two inches, which when the foot penetrated so far, left a stain as of blood round the print of it. The fungi has a decidedly fruity taste, one comparing it to the flavour of ripe pears, another to that of the water-melon. A handful of it melted on a newspaper, left, after the water was evaporated, a red, powdery substance, feeling on the hands much like fine Indian meal. This stratum of red matter in the snow was three inches thick.

Their path now became very steep, and so hard, that were one to lose his footing, he might slide down over three or four thousand feet of snow without being able to stop. There was little danger beyond skin abrasions to be feared from such an accident—the worst part of it being the necessity of climbing back again.

At about thirteen thousand feet above sea-level,

the travellers passed over a snow-drift under a steep wall of pumice called the Red Bluff, seen from the valley below. The drift had been formed against a perpendicular wall; but it had melted away on the side next the rock, and left a deep, narrow chasm, the bottom of which was imperceptible. On the outside, the ice-like concretion fell off in a great precipice of three or four hundred feet. It was a dangerous place; and as it is about this elevation that tourists generally begin to feel the effects of the light atmosphere, the party was necessarily less able to cope with the difficulty. The medicine-man gave out here, and the strongest of them advanced but slowly, having to stop every fifty or sixty yards to get breath. They were scarcely all over the drift when a dense cold fog surrounded and enveloped them, and frost formed rapidly on their beards and clothing. Although only about thirteen hundred feet remained to climb, it proved by far the most fatiguing part of the journey; the rarefied atmosphere making frequent halts necessary. By noon, the party had got the last pound of outfit deposited near the Shasta Hot Springs, two hundred and fifteen feet below the summit, where they proposed to camp. 'As each Indian threw down his pack, he vowed in good plain English that he would never come up again, and anathematised white men in general for doing such work.' Of all the twenty packers who reached this elevation, not one—strange to say—had the courage or desire to scale the remaining two hundred feet, but began their descent almost immediately, leaving Mr Colonna, with two attendants, to prepare their camp for the night. Their first care was to melt snow in a large tin vessel at the Hot Springs, so as to provide water; but during this operation, one of the attendants turned ill, and had to descend next morning. After dark, the thermometer was standing at thirty degrees, the sky was clear, and the stars shone with extraordinary brilliancy.

The summit of Mount Shasta consists of two conical peaks about two hundred yards apart, the north-east one about fifty feet higher than the other. It is in the valley between these peaks that the Hot Springs are situated. They are dotted about over an area of nearly twenty yards square, and constantly send up steam strongly impregnated with light sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, the odour of which is offensive and very oppressive, so much so, that in making examinations of them, it is impossible to hold one's head in the fumes near the ground, and breathe. The temperature of these springs was found to be one hundred and eighty-four degrees, which at that elevation would be about equal to the normal boiling-point. The place is crusted over with a concretion of loose earth and small stones cemented together with sulphur, alum, and other minerals. When this crust was on one occasion broken through, it disclosed the mouth of quite a cavern, from which the steam rolled out in great volumes. Another opening sent out the steam in a small jet that caused a hissing noise much like that made by the steam escaping from a locomotive. They were all more active on some days than others, though Mr Colonna was unable to discover any change of temperature on these occasions. He was very much disappointed with the view from Mount Shasta; for though thousands of square miles of beautiful country were spread out before him, he

was so high above what was near, and so far from the rest, that the whole landscape was flattened.

Here Mr Colonna remained continuously for nine days and nights—a wonderful proof of his physical adaptability to such work as he had undertaken. His remaining attendant had to descend after continuing with him four days; and though he had various visitors while on the top, none, with one exception, was able to remain more than two nights. 'One lives fast,' he says, 'at a great elevation. I weighed two hundred pounds when I went up, and lost fifteen pounds in the nine days that I remained. My pulse in repose ranged from one hundred to one hundred and five per minute, and very little exertion would send it up to one hundred and twenty. My head was clear, and I had no difficulty in breathing. My appetite was fair; but as my food was all cold, except coffee and a little toasted cheese, I soon tired of it, and craved hot bread and soup.' The pulse of his attendant who stayed over the first four days, was lower than his, and his appetite first-rate. The summit of the hill is composed of a dark-brown igneous rock, broken into immense boulders. He mentions one glacier only, which has its origin about one thousand feet below the summit. Many of the stones lower down have beautiful lichens on them, but on Shasta Peak there is none. One day he found some snow-birds and sparrows dead in the snow, which he conjectured had been caught on the mountain in a cold fog and perished. There were also a few of the ordinary blue-flies, that crawled about sluggishly inside the tent during the warmer hours of the day; but they were quite torpid by three o'clock. There are many ice-caverns and crevasses, some of them hundreds of feet deep, and very beautiful. When the thermometer stood in the valley at one hundred degrees in the shade, the highest temperature ever he had on the summit was sixty-seven degrees. By four o'clock in the afternoon, ice would form in the sun, and generally by sundown the thermometer was at twenty-five degrees. The coldest that he had it was eighteen degrees. Curiously enough, it was warmest when the wind blew hardest; which he accounts for by suggesting that the warm air from the valleys was blown up the sides of the mountain. It was, however, most comfortable when there was no wind and the thermometer stood lowest.

It was not till Friday, 1st August, that the weather proved favourable for the chief purpose of his ascent—namely, the placing of the heliograph. At sunrise that day the country was clear all round; and turning his telescope in the direction of Mount Lola, one hundred and sixty-nine miles distant, where a portion of his coadjutors were situated, he could see their heliograph, shining like a star of the first magnitude. He gave a few flashes with his own, which were at once answered by flashes from Lola. Then turning his telescope to Mount Helena, still further away, there, too, was the heliograph of the party at that place. This was one hundred and ninety-two miles off; 'the longest line,' he says, 'ever observed over, in the world.' The longest line of the French geodesists is one hundred and sixty-nine miles, which is exceeded by that between Mounts Shasta and Helena by twenty-three miles.

What is specially notable in Mr Colonna's expedition is, that almost single-handed he accomplished the 'observing' of a distance much exceeding that ever before achieved.

His work on Mount Shasta being successfully accomplished, he descended on the 3d of August, pleased with his trip, yet glad that it was over.

THE CRUISE OF THE *WASP*.

CHAPTER V.—OUR INTERVIEW WITH THE ADMIRAL.

A MORE fussy, irritable, kind-hearted, benevolent old gentleman, or a braver or better officer than Rear-Admiral Sir George F—— never trod a vessel's deck. To his young officers, he was especially kind, though he sometimes scolded them terribly; but they loved and respected the old man much more than they feared him. If any thing, as he fancied, had gone amiss, he never asked for an explanation until he had given the supposed offender a good 'wiggling.' 'But then,' as the younger officers used to say of him, 'after he has knocked a fellow down, he is the first to pick him up again and set him on his feet.'

The gangway ladder was quickly thrown over the side of the schooner; a pair of new white man-ropes were rove; and Lucan and I, having put on our uniform jackets, hastened to the gangway—where one of our three marines was already posted—to receive the chief.

As soon as he got within hail, the Admiral bawled out at the top of his voice: 'What schooner's that?'

'Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp*, from Port-Jackson, sir.'

'Ay, ay; I thought so,' replied the old officer. 'And pray, where has Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp* been all this time? You sailed from Port-Jackson seven weeks ago, sir.—Pull alongside!' he bawled to the men in the boat—who had lain on their oars while he was questioning us—without waiting for Lucan's reply.

The boat came alongside; the man-ropes were handed to him; and he ascended the ladder, and presently stood upon the schooner's deck. He scowled around him as Lucan and I stood cap in hand before him; and then turning towards us: said: 'Pray, which of you two youngsters has command of this vessel?'

'I have, Sir George,' replied Lucan.

'And a pretty sort of commander you are!' the old gentleman continued. 'What have you been doing these seven weeks past, sir? The Sydney mail-packet that sailed from Port-Jackson a week after the *Wasp* left the port, arrived three weeks ago, sir! We thought you were lost! Will you answer me, sir? What the mischief have you been about all this while? Why don't you speak?'

'I will explain, if you will give me time, Sir George,' replied Lucan. And then he briefly told how, having been informed by Captain D—— that there was no need to hurry, he had thought it his duty to search after a piratical Malay proa that had been seen off the coast of New Guinea, in the vicinity of Torres Strait'—

'A piratical Will-o'-the-wisp, I presume, sir,' interrupted the Admiral. 'Where is the proa?'

Did you see anything of her? What have you done with her?'

'We hunted her down and sunk her, Sir George,' continued Lucan; 'but not before her crew had plundered a French vessel and murdered all hands on board. The proa had a consort with her, which instead of coming to her assistance when we attacked her, stood away northward before the wind, and got clear off.'

'Eh! what?' exclaimed the Admiral. 'You sunk the wretched villains? That was well, my lad. And it's a great pity the others got away. But we'll go below, as soon as you come to an anchor—can't anchor in a better spot than where you are now—and then you must tell me all about this matter.—A pretty craft this! A nice little vessel,' he went on, his good temper quite restored. 'A swift sailer too, I should judge. Does credit to Captain D——. I shall tell him so when I see him. Just the kind of vessel I wanted.'

In a few minutes the anchor was let go, the sails were furled; and then the Admiral, Lieutenant Lucan, and I descended to the cabin. Lucan spread a chart upon the table, and related to the old officer the details with which the reader is already acquainted, traced upon the chart the course we had steered while in search of the proa, and pointed out the part of the coast upon which the French barque had gone on shore, and the spot whereat we fell in with and sunk the pirate vessel.

The Admiral listened attentively, frequently praising our conduct; and when Lucan concluded, he asked to see the remnants of female wearing apparel, and the lock of hair—the only relics of the fearful atrocity that we had brought away from the stranded vessel. These he examined closely, taking a note of the letters M. F. L. marked on two of the articles of apparel. He then walked round the schooner upon deck, and between decks, expressing his satisfaction with everything he beheld; and having invited Lucan and me to dine with him on board the frigate, he re-entered his boat and returned to his ship.

Three weeks later, the *Vesta* arrived at Singapore; and Captain D—— was informed of the adventures of the *Wasp* during her passage from Port-Jackson. Meanwhile, an inquiry was set on foot relative to the unfortunate French barque; and after the lapse of three months, we learned that a French vessel—the *Marguerite*, of Marseilles—commanded by M. Laroque, had sailed from France on a trading voyage to the East Indies. This vessel had touched at Manilla, and had there received on board a passenger of the name of Legrand, with his wife and daughter, the latter a child of ten years of age—together with three other male passengers, whose names I have forgotten. It is probable that I should have likewise forgotten the name of Legrand, but that it was subsequently forcibly recalled to my memory in a singular manner, as will afterwards be related. The *Marguerite* had sailed from Manilla for St Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon, but had never arrived at that port.

Shortly after the arrival of the *Vesta* at Singapore, the *Wasp* was despatched on a cruise amongst the islands of the archipelago—Lucan being permitted to retain his command until the *Vesta* should sail for England; but as the corvette was sent to cruise meanwhile off the coasts of China

and Japan, I, much to my disappointment, was ordered to return to my duty on board of her.

CHAPTER VI.—WHAMPOA—LUCAN'S DISCOVERY IN
CHANG-LIN'S BAZAAR.

Everybody who visited Singapore twenty-five years ago, or during many years previous and subsequent to that period, knew Whampoa, the rich, polite, intelligent Chinese merchant; the purveyor; the purchaser of old or damaged stores; the seller of fresh stores and provisions; the general dealer in everything that was to be bought or sold. Not a ship—man-of-war or merchantman—ever entered the port without receiving a visit from Whampoa, who came on board almost before the anchor was down, with his budget of news, and the latest journals from England, to offer his services in any way to the captain, officers, or passengers. In Whampoa's bazaar—which was a favourite lounge with the officers of the garrison, and the naval officers whose ships lay in the roads—every description of Indian or Chinese nick-nacks, or curiosities, was to be found, together with more substantial merchandise of every variety; and without ever intruding, or urging his visitors to purchase what they did not require, the urbane proprietor appeared to take delight in shewing them round, and pointing out to their notice anything that he fancied it would please them to look upon and examine—offering refreshments free of cost, and striving in every way to make them comfortable. Whampoa, who spoke English with remarkable fluency and correctness for a Chinaman, and who often acted as an interpreter to his visitors, had, moreover, a happy knack—even when suddenly questioned—of turning a rude or contemptuous remark into a flattering expression. The worthy merchant's subordinates, though outwardly civil and attentive, were more prejudiced against foreigners than he; and sometimes, when conversing together, they would make use of contemptuous expressions in relation to the visitors, such as Celestials generally consider themselves entitled to use when speaking of the 'inferior races' of Europe. One day a party of ladies and gentlemen, lately arrived from England, visited the bazaar. Whampoa as usual was polite and attentive; but his subordinates, looking at the ladies, frequently made use of the word *fanqui*—a term meaning 'wandering demons,' which the Chinese are accustomed to employ when alluding to the English. One of the ladies, who had remarked the frequency of this expression, suddenly addressing the merchant, said: 'Oh, Mr Whampoa, pray, what is the meaning of the word *fanqui*, which these people so often use when looking at us?'

'*Fanqui*, dear madam,' replied the merchant—for the moment taken aback, but quickly recovering himself—'*fanqui* is an expressive term, meaning lovely, elegant, fascinating, frequently employed by the Chinese when speaking of the grace and beauty of English ladies.'

As may well be imagined, Whampoa had from time to time to contend against competitors of his own race, who, envious of his good fortune, sought to establish themselves in business in Singapore in opposition to himself. He generally made short-work of these persons, who had neither his wealth nor his tact, nor his knowledge

of the English language, nor of the character of the English people, acquired during his long residence on the island. One of these merchants, however, named Chang-lin, who was possessed of greater wealth than those who had preceded him, established a bazaar in opposition to Whampoa, and seemed for a while in a fair way to establish himself firmly in the town. There were rumours afloat that Chang-lin, as was the case with many of his class, had secret dealings with the crews of the Malay and Chinese proas which were making such havoc amongst the traders to the islands at this period; and it was said furthermore, that Chang-lin had been compelled to quit Pulo-Penang, on which island he had previously endeavoured to establish himself, by reason of the suspicions that were rife of his complicity with the pirates; but some persons believed that these rumours were set afloat by Whampoa and his friends, in order to create an ill-feeling against his competitor. At all events, Chang-lin established a bazaar in opposition to Whampoa, and for a while seemed likely to prosper. Whampoa was a tall slender man, of grave and dignified aspect, and about thirty-five years of age—though it is always difficult and almost impossible to guess the age of a Chinaman. But it was known that he had come a young man to Singapore, and had lived there for at least twenty years. Chang-lin was a little, fat, oily Chinaman, always grinning and grimacing, whose prototype may be seen in the windows of many tea-shops, and whose age might have been anything between forty and seventy years.

Thus matters stood when the *Vesta*, after cruising for sixteen months off the coasts of China and Japan, returned to Singapore, previously to sailing for England. The little *Wasp* had also just returned from her cruise amongst the islands, after having hunted down and destroyed several proas, and having completely broken up and laid waste a haunt of the pirates on one of the islands. Lucan had resigned his command, and returned on board the corvette, he being anxious to get to England, and have his acting rank as Lieutenant confirmed. One day, while strolling about the town with other officers belonging to the corvette, he turned in to Chang-lin's bazaar, and amused himself, with his companions, in examining the variety of nick-nacks exposed for sale, and in making some trifling purchases. At length he entered a compartment of the bazaar in which China-crape and Cashmere shawls and other articles of costly feminine attire were exhibited for sale. A pair of child's morocco slippers presently caught his eye, precisely resembling those which he had brought from the cabin of the plundered and stranded French barque, and which he had carefully preserved. He took them up, and examined them narrowly. They were similar in every respect, and might have been made for the same child. Still, he thought, two pair of slippers might be alike anywhere; yet for some reason, perhaps hardly known to himself, he was induced to examine more closely the other articles in the compartment; and while thus engaged, he came across a China-crape shawl with the letters M. F. L. marked in red silk in one corner of the shawl—the same letters, worked with the same material, as those on the remnants of female apparel found on the cabin floor of the French

barque. He started with surprise as he thought to himself: 'Can it be that this shawl once belonged to the unfortunate lady who was a passenger on board the plundered vessel?'

At this moment, Chang-lin entered the compartment, and seeing a young English officer thus occupied, began to press him to purchase the article he was examining; and shewed others, among which was a Cashmere shawl or tippet, similarly marked; and seeing that Lucan still hesitated—for he was so taken by surprise that he scarcely knew how to act—Chang-lin still urged him to purchase some of the articles. 'Officer wantee make 'ansome present to young lady?' he said. (Chang-lin was far from being so proficient in the English language as was his brother Celestial whom he sought to rival.) 'Waitee one piecay minute. I shew Sa'ib officer somet'ing—oh, very mosch fine.' He drew forth a key from some secret receptacle in his voluminous garments, and unlocked a drawer containing several articles of jewellery; and producing a lady's bracelet, set with magnificent pearls and turquoise, handed it to the young Lieutenant, who, however, intimated that he had no notion of making any such expensive purchase. Nevertheless, struck by the beauty of the costly trinket, he examined it closely, and to his astonishment, perceived engraved, in very minute Roman characters, on the inside of the bracelet, the name 'Marie Felicie Legrand.'

'Marie Felicie Legrand!' he thought to himself. 'The name of one of the female passengers who was on board the *Marguerite*, and the name that answers to the initials M. F. L., marked alike on the torn raiment found in the cabin of the French barque, and on the shawls I have just looked at! It was a very remarkable coincidence, as he had found a clue that might lead to the discovery of the pirates who had escaped when their comrades were fired upon by the *Wasp*. 'Some people would say,' he thought, 'that I have been directed by Providence—and perhaps it may be so—to the receiver of at least a portion of the spoil plundered from the French vessel.'

Perceiving the young officer's astonishment, and taking it for indecision, Chang-lin continued to press him to become a purchaser. There was a variety of apparently costly articles of jewellery in the drawer—earrings, bracelets, lockets, necklaces, &c.; and to these, one after another, Chang-lin called the attention of the young officer; but though Lucan, under the pretext of admiring these articles, examined them narrowly, he could discover no particular mark upon any one of them.

'Me sell mosch sheap, Sa'ib officer,' said the merchant. 'Me poor man. Wantee get money. Whampoa reech man, plentee too mosch money got. Makee officer pay too mosch. No care for makee sell sheap like me. Whampoa no got such fine piecay goods in him bazaar.'

Lucan declined to purchase such costly wares; but he was determined, if it were possible, to find out how and when Chang-lin had become the possessor of the marked articles. Even if the merchant were innocent of complicity with the pirates, he thought he must know from whom he had purchased such costly goods.

'Wait,' said he; 'I will speak to my friends, and bring them to look at these trinkets;' and rejoining his brother-officers, he acquainted them with the startling discovery he had made.

'Come with me, and look at the name and the initials, so that you may be able to swear—should it be necessary—that you have seen them,' he said; 'but be secret. Don't let the old fellow suspect that there is anything amiss, or he may conceal or get rid of the goods.'

'Purchase them, Charley, and make sure of them,' said one of the young men.

'Find me the money, and I will,' replied Lucan. 'But my finances are not in a flourishing condition just now, at the fag-end of a three years' cruise; and then, the discovery may come to nothing after all.'

The party, however, followed Lucan into the compartment, where Chang-lin awaited them; and in the hope of making a profitable trade, the merchant eagerly displayed the various articles, while Lucan secretly directed his friends' attention to the name and initials. Then, after making a few trifling purchases—Lucan possessing himself of the duplicate pair of child's slippers—the officers promised to look in again, and quitted the bazaar.

Captain D—— happened to be on shore; and Lucan found him out, and acquainting him with the discovery he had made, asked his advice. 'We had better see Whampoa,' said the Captain. 'I believe him to be an honest man; and though he would no doubt be glad to compel Chang-lin to quit Singapore, I don't think he would willingly do him any wrong. At all events, he is conversant with the habits of his countrymen, and is acquainted with every merchant, Chinese or European, in the different islands. He corresponds with them frequently; and through his knowledge, and his influence over the affairs of many amongst them, we may perhaps be enabled to sift this matter to the bottom.'

Whampoa, like everybody else in Singapore, had heard the history of the plundered barque *Marguerite*, now almost forgotten. He listened attentively to Lucan's story; but shook his head gravely when it was ended. 'It looks bad, gentlemen,' he said. 'Chang-lin, I have no doubt has dealings with the Malays, but chiefly in the purchase of contraband goods. This is a more serious affair; and great caution and much inquiry are necessary before you can charge him with having obtained the goods of which you speak knowing them to be a portion of the plunder taken from the French ship, now many months ago. It is possible indeed that the goods may have come into his possession through other hands. He may be perfectly innocent in the matter. But if you please, gentlemen, to leave this business to me, I will do my best to fathom the mystery. But be silent meanwhile. Whisper not a word, even amongst yourselves. Trust me when I say that I will do Chang-lin no wrong, though he has spoken evil of me; and in a few days, if you are secret, I will learn all that can be learned of the affair.'

Captain D—— consented to follow the merchant's advice. We on board the corvette were told to be silent in relation to the matter; and a week passed away, during which we hardly spoke a word about it to one another. We went on shore as usual, and occasionally visited Chang-lin's bazaar, though Whampoa's was our favourite lounging-place; but though one or another of us met Whampoa daily, he never opened his lips

relative to the inquiries he had promised to set on foot, with so much confidence of success; and Captain D—— began to suspect—as did we all—that he had failed in his endeavour, and was unwilling, after the confidence he had manifested, to confess to his failure.

'I'll give him another week,' said the Captain, when a fortnight had expired; 'and then, if he can give us no information, we'll do the best we can for ourselves; for I am determined not to let the matter drop until I am convinced that nothing more respecting the atrocious affair can be discovered.'

CHAPTER VII.—WHAMPOA FERRETS OUT THE PIRATES.

Singapore derives its importance solely from its peculiar position, which has rendered it the emporium of the commerce of the adjacent islands and countries. It is therefore constantly visited by a great number of native craft, from all parts of India and China, as well as from Borneo, Celebes, Manilla, and numberless large and small islands, which bring cargoes of rice, silk, sapan-wood, spices, and oriental products of every conceivable variety; these cargoes being afterwards re-shipped to all parts of Europe, but chiefly to England. Among these vessels are many junks and proas which come laden with legitimate cargoes, and are honest traders enough—so long as they have no opportunity to be otherwise than honest, though it is unwise to place too much trust and confidence in them.

We on board the corvette had often admired, on account of the beautiful mould of her long low black hull and her tall raking masts, one large three-masted proa, which evidently came from some island near by, inasmuch as she was seldom absent from Singapore for more than three weeks. She always came to an anchor about a quarter of a mile astern of the *Vesta*; and one morning immediately after gun-fire, when she had been absent about her usual time, we saw her entering the harbour, and watched her until she brought up in her customary position. Her crew were still employed in lowering and furling her sails, when a boat—or rather I should say a canoe—in which two men were seated, besides the two who used the paddles, put off from her to the shore. An hour later, Whampoa's well-known boat was seen approaching the corvette, with the merchant himself seated in her stern-sheets. It was early to receive a visit from him, though he was accustomed to send a boat alongside every morning with a supply of fruit and vegetables for the day. In a few minutes he stood on the deck of the corvette, and asked to see Captain D——. He was requested by the Captain's servant to descend to the cabin.

'The old chap has brought some news, I'll bet,' said Lucan. 'Did you see his face? A Chinaman seldom betrays any excitement or agitation; but I'm sure, from his look and his coming on board so early, that there is something astir.'

'Please to go to the Captain in his cabin, gentlemen,' said the Captain's steward, saluting us as he approached.

'I told you so,' said Lucan to me; and he and I went together into the Captain's cabin, where we found Whampoa quietly seated on the sofa-locker, while the Captain paced to and fro.

'These gentlemen had charge of the *Wasp* at the time of the occurrence,' said the Captain to the merchant as we entered the cabin. Then addressing Lucan, he went on: 'You still have possession of the articles you brought away from the *Marguerite*, Mr Lucan?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Lucan.

'Then get ready to go on shore with me immediately, both of you,' continued the Captain. 'You will take the articles with you, Mr Lucan,' he added. 'Whampoa brings strange news,' he went on, as we were leaving the cabin. 'He tells me that the female passengers on board the *Marguerite* were carried off by the pirates, and that the child still lives, and may be rescued from the villains.'

In a few minutes, Captain D——, Lucan, and I were on our way to the shore in the Captain's gig, Whampoa following in his own boat.

On landing at the wharf, we proceeded—Whampoa still accompanying us—to Chang-lin's bazaar, where we found a small party of *peons* (native policemen) apparently having charge of Chang-lin and two truculent, ill-looking Malays; and shortly afterwards, one of the magistrates of the town made his appearance. A brief conversation in the Malay language—unintelligible to us—ensued between the magistrate, the two Malays, and Whampoa and Chang-lin—the latter gesticulating violently, and nodding his head like a mandarin image in a tea-shop. After a while, Chang-lin was requested by the magistrate, in English, to produce the articles which had attracted the notice of Lucan three weeks before. This he did with apparent readiness, producing not only the bracelet and the two shawls, but likewise throwing open for our inspection all the drawers and cabinets in the compartment, and waving his hands as if to invite us to examine everything they contained. The marks on the shawls were compared with those on the articles of female raiment that Lucan had brought with him, and found to be similar in every respect; the bracelet was examined, and the two pairs of child's slippers were compared and measured and found to be precisely alike; but as on the previous occasion, when Lucan examined the various articles, no other marks, names, or initials could be discovered.

While this was going on, Captain D——, Lucan, and I were still almost in the dark as to what had really occurred to give cause for this search. We supposed the two villainous-looking Malays to have formed a portion of the crew of the proa that had made off when her consort was fired into by the guns of the *Wasp*; but we were not sure of this; for though the men were closely watched by the *peons*, they moved about freely, and neither they nor Chang-lin appeared to be actually in custody of the police.

Whampoa, however, proceeded to explain matters to us; but even now he was extremely reticent. It appeared from his story, that he had long suspected the proa to which the Malays belonged, and which ostensibly traded regularly between Singapore and the adjacent shores of Malacca, to be occasionally employed in a less honest manner; in a word, he suspected her to be a pirate vessel in disguise; and he believed that her crew found a ready purchaser of such valuable plunder as they could not easily dispose of without bringing suspicion upon themselves, in Chang-lin. Moreover, for reasons that he did not explain, he had for

some time past suspected that the two females—the mother and daughter—who were known to have been on board the *Marguerite* when that vessel sailed from Manilla, were held in durance by the Malays on one of the islands of the archipelago. He had long wished to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct; and when he heard from Captain D—that various articles which the Captain believed had once been the property of the female passengers on board the *Marguerite*, were stored in Chang-lin's bazaar, he resolved forthwith to institute inquiries, which led to a corroboration of his suspicions. His widely extended business connections with the merchants, native as well as European, in the different islands, enabled him to obtain information that could be obtained by few others; and to produce witnesses—in the two Malays—who, on condition of being exempted from punishment themselves, were prepared to swear that their chief and others—with whom it appeared they had quarrelled—had assisted in the plunder of the French ship and in the massacre of her crew, and had carried off the female passengers on board—one of whom had since died, while the other, the child, was still living. Whampoa furthermore stated, that having satisfied himself as to the truth of the evidence of the two Malays, he had sought an interview with the magistrate then present, who had taken measures to arrest the captain and the chief owner of the proa, on their return to Singapore, when as usual they would come on shore with the two men who had betrayed them. (It was these four men whom we on board the *Vesta* had seen put off from the proa an hour or so previous to Whampoa's visit to the corvette.) On landing at the wharf, the traitors pointed out the captain and the owner of the proa to the *peons* who were in attendance, who arrested them, and conveyed them to jail, while their betrayers were taken to Chang-lin's bazaar, and placed—together with Chang-lin himself—under the surveillance of the police, until our arrival at the bazaar.

This was the story told by Whampoa, who, however, declined to mention the names of the merchants and others who had aided him to accomplish his object. Lieutenant Lucan and I, and the sailors who boarded the French barque with us, were subpoenaed to appear as witnesses at the trial of the captain and the owner of the proa; and until the trial should come off, Chang-lin and the two traitor Malays were separately confined in prison, as likewise were the rest of the proa's crew, the vessel itself being meanwhile placed in charge of the police.

ABOUT MONEY ORDERS.

It is probably not generally known that the Money Order Office dates as far back as 1792. In that year three enterprising Post-office officials drew up a scheme which was approved of by the authorities, and permission granted to them to carry it on. It was at first a purely private undertaking, the business being conducted under the title of 'Stow & Co.,' and was, even with the high rate of eightpence per pound, successful from the first. It was carried on in this way till 1838, by which time the experiment was sufficient to prove the usefulness of the system. In that year, therefore, the government approved of the recommendation of the Postmaster-general,

Lord Lichfield, that the system should henceforth be incorporated as a branch of the Post-office. On the 6th December of the same year, the Crown formally took over the business of the firm 'Stow & Co.,' commencing it in two rooms in the north end of the old General Post-office, St Martin's-le-Grand, London.

With the transfer, some very material benefits at once accrued to the public. The rates of commission were reduced from eightpence to sixpence for orders of two pounds and under; and to one shilling and sixpence on sums from two to five pounds; while the orders themselves were printed on sheets of paper, upon which the letter might be written, so as to avoid the charge of double postage. These concessions naturally increased the business; and the first year after the government took over the money order service, 188,921 orders amounting to L.313,124 were issued, upon which commission amounting to L.6652 was charged; and 188,635 orders amounting to L.311,727 were paid.

The introduction of penny postage in 1840, and the great reduction of the postage rates generally, had so considerable an effect on the money order business that it was more than trebled. In that year too, farther reductions in the rates were made, the commission being threepence instead of sixpence, and sixpence where it had previously been one shilling and sixpence; a concession made, we are told, with a view to remove all inducement to send *coin* by post; the result of which was that, during the first complete year after these changes, the business again trebled itself. Under government management, and with the liberal reductions made in the charges, and the great facilities offered to the public for the transmission of small sums of money by this means, it was but natural that the money order system should take rapid strides in its success, and should quickly develop into an institution of immense proportions.

We will now briefly trace the progress of the system up to the present year of grace.

The removal, in 1854, of certain precautionary measures that had hitherto been deemed requisite, but which experience proved to be unnecessary, was the means of greatly increasing the money order business; while further relaxations in 1857 met with a like result. In the previous year (1856), money order business was begun with the colonies, and in 1860 with foreign countries. On the 1st January 1862, the maximum limit for which money orders could be drawn was raised to ten pounds; which had the effect of increasing the amount of money that passed through the Post-office in this respect to the extent of more than a million sterling, and this notwithstanding the distress prevailing at the time in the cotton districts, as well as a reduction in the fee for registering letters.

On the 1st May 1871, important alterations took place in the scale of money order commission. In fact, a new scale was introduced, which appears to have been based upon the postage rates. Under it, orders for sums under ten shillings were issued for a penny; and for sums of ten shillings and under one pound at twopence; one penny being charged for every pound up to the maximum limit of ten pounds. As may be imagined, such greatly reduced rates were followed by a marked

increase of business, being estimated in the first year at eighteen per cent., which has rapidly progressed in each succeeding year up to the present time. But notwithstanding this circumstance, the new scale proved a mistake; for although the number of money orders issued continues to be enormous, yet surprising as it may appear, there is not a corresponding financial success. The fact of the matter is that the annual increases have arisen mainly in orders for the lesser amounts—namely, those of two pounds and under; and as we are told that the cost, to government, of each money order transaction is as nearly as possible threepence, the inevitable consequence has been a loss upon the greater part of the business, which, before the increase of rates, was estimated at the rate of ten thousand pounds per annum. In short, the profits derived from the larger amounts have not been found sufficient to cover the loss; and consequently, had it not been for the foreign and colonial money order business, an actual deficit must have ensued in this most important state department.

The government have by no means been blind to these untoward circumstances; on the contrary, they have been the subject of serious attention for some years past; and it was with the view of obviating the consequences of a deficit that the initial money order rate was raised from a penny to twopence on the 1st of January 1878. But as will be obvious, this was only partially meeting the case; for all orders issued at twopence are still creative of a loss; while those issued at threepence, if they involve no loss, are at the same time not productive of any gain. Bearing this in view, the government had in mind a scheme of Post-office Notes which was calculated to meet the difficulty, and they would no doubt have developed it concurrently with the raising of the money order rates, had it not been necessary to obtain first of all parliamentary sanction; and this was only obtained during the recent session, under Mr Fawcett's Post-office (Money Orders) Bill. We shall now proceed to explain the chief objects of the measure.

It is designed to issue ten classes of Notes for fixed amounts—namely, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., and 20s., at a halfpenny for each of the first three; a penny for each of the next three; and twopence for each of the remaining amounts. The note when issued is to be signed and stamped by the issuing postmaster, and will thus be payable to bearer at any savings-bank or Money Order Office in the country; but if cautiously disposed, the remitter can (1) insert the name of the person to whose signature only it is to be paid; or (2) he can also insert the name of the particular post-office at which it is to be cashed; or (3) he can cross it so as to make it in all respects like a cheque similarly dealt with. Mr Chetwynd, Receiver and Accountant General to the Post-office, whose name is so favourably known in connection with postal work generally, and more particularly as the originator and joint organiser of the present admirable system of government savings-banks, is the author of this ingenious scheme. So carefully has he elaborated the proposition in all its details, that not only did it gain the unanimous approbation and recommendation of a Treasury Committee—presided over by the late Mr George Moore—

appointed to inquire into its merits, but it has also met with the approval of that eminent body of financial and commercial representatives the Associated Chambers of Commerce, who resolved by a large majority at one of their meetings to support the movement. There can be no doubt that it will prove a great boon to the poorer classes, which was the original intention of the money order system, as we have shewn; while to commercial men it will also be most useful, especially as it is proposed by Mr Chetwynd that the new notes should be sold in books for use as required, as well as singly.

To return, however, to money orders proper; the whole of the advantages and benefits derived from the money order system may be attributed to the agency of the little document called the 'advice,' which is really the counterfoil of the money order itself. It may be regarded as the mainspring of the whole service; its usefulness to the system being incalculable; its most important function to prevent fraud. No order is paid until compared with its duplicate or 'advice,' with the exception only of such orders as are paid through bankers; and as it bears particulars regarding the payee which are not shewn on the order itself, it would not always be easy for an individual who had fraudulently obtained the latter to get it cashed; while the slightest attempt to alter in any way the amount on the order can at once be detected by means of the aforesaid 'advice.' Mr Chetwynd, in evidence before the Treasury Committee already referred to, described the further uses of the 'advice' as follows: 'It localises the payment, and thus enables the Post-office to provide money to meet the payment at the right place. The postmaster who receives "advices" knows that the corresponding orders will be presented in a day or two. If he did not know that these money orders were to be presented, he would remit the money to London, and the presenters of the orders might have to wait two or three days before obtaining payment. Another advantage is, that the postmaster is very distinctly informed how much was paid in by the remitter at the office of issue; and thus he is enabled to protect himself and the department against fraudulent alteration of the amounts.'

At the chief money order office in London, where the amount of business daily transacted is very great, many instances come under notice of the usefulness of the 'advice;' and it may be worth while to quote one here. Two or three years ago, a woman presented an order payable to the well-known minister Mr Spurgeon, the initials of whose Christian name are C. H., the order being signed 'Charles Haddon' on one line and 'Spurgeon' on the next; but as the signature did not correspond with the name given in the 'advice,' payment was refused, and the applicant was asked from whom it had been received, to which she replied: 'A customer—Mr Spurgeon.' Not feeling satisfied, however, the clerk retained the order, took the woman's name and address, and desired her to tell Mr Spurgeon to come himself and sign it. The result was the discovery that the money order had been fraudulently obtained; and although the woman had given a false name and address, she was afterwards apprehended, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. This is only one

case out of many, we believe; but it is sufficient to demonstrate the security given by the 'advice' to the money order system; and were it to be abolished, as has been absurdly suggested by some, for the purpose of reducing the costs of the service, the system would at once be robbed of a feature on which rests its chief claim to popularity.

According to the last Report of the Postmaster-general, there are now six thousand and sixty offices open throughout the United Kingdom at which money order business may be transacted; and the total number of inland transactions reached nearly seventeen millions; while the total value amounted to nearly twenty-five million pounds; shewing that on the average for every hundred persons of the population, over forty-nine orders were issued. This, however, we are told, is a decrease of three per cent. on the number issued in the previous year; which is partly accounted for by the raising of the initial rate from one penny to twopence, and the reduction of the registered letter fee from fourpence to twopence; partly by the depression in trade; and to a great extent by the discontinuance of the use of money orders for the payment of the salaries of national school teachers in Ireland. Fortunately, however, the foreign and colonial money order business continues to increase.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of persons employed in the money order service as a whole; but it may suffice that the staff engaged in the chief office, London, on this business alone numbers one hundred and twenty-nine, of whom one is Controller, and fifty-nine persons otherwise employed as paper-keepers, &c. The work performed by this staff is of a varied character, consisting mainly in the examination and checking of accounts, &c.; together with a considerable amount of correspondence and other miscellaneous duties necessarily incident to a business which issues and pays nearly seventeen million money orders, and deals with an annual sum of nearly twenty-five million pounds, as already shewn.

To enter into details as regards all the work done at the chief money order office, and to the duties attaching to what is termed the 'paid issue check,' would only weary the general reader. Suffice it to say that this check is designed as a complete test of the accuracy of the amounts charged to postmasters for orders issued, and of the amount credited for orders paid. The various postmasters account to the chief office in London for the orders they issue, and the castings of their accounts are checked and posted daily to the relative ledgers. When the orders are paid, they are claimed by the paying postmasters; the amounts claimed are checked by the orders; the castings are checked; and the totals claimed and allowed are also posted into the ledgers.

The value of the 'paid issue' check is exhibited in a remarkable way by the result of the comparison of the yearly balances, made up respectively of issues and 'paid issues,' and issues and payments; by which it appears that the balance of deficiency on eleven years amounted to the marvellously small sum of five hundred and sixty-seven pounds! Considering that this is on a turnover of three hundred and sixty-two million pounds, the result must be regarded as extremely satisfactory.

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the facts and figures laid before the reader demonstrate the wonderful results which frequently arise from the smallest beginnings.

In another paper we shall attempt to shew what the public may now do by depositing its 'saved pennies' in Post-office Banks.

MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'Look here, my dear boy; I am going to give you a piece of advice. When you cashed that cheque in the Bank just now, you scarcely looked at the notes before thrusting them in a bundle into your breast-pocket. Now, I daresay you think it looks very fine to shove away a lot of bank-notes into your pocket as if you were accustomed to carry about large sums. But listen to me. I am an old man, and I daresay I have had as much to do with the handling of money as you are likely ever to have; and I strongly recommend you never to put away any note, cheque, draft, or in fact any paper equivalent for cash, without entering the number in your pocket-book, with the date of its reception, and the name of the person from whom you took it. Ever since I began business, I made it a fixed rule always to do so; and I could now, by referring to a ledger, tell you what notes passed through my hands, and the exact dates they did so. It gives very little trouble; and you never can tell when the record may be of use to yourself or to others.'

Mr Renshaw was an old and esteemed friend of my father's. He had come into Bosanquet's Bank as I was cashing a small cheque; and as we walked down Lombard Street, he administered this little reproof; not, however, with the least sharpness or sarcasm, but with a kind fatherly manner which could not offend the most touchy, especially as proceeding from an old to a young man. I had known him as long as I could remember, he having been connected with my father in many business transactions, and thus entertaining for each other a feeling of mutual esteem. He was a man of good standing in the 'City,' and had been always remarkable for his great punctuality and correctness in business matters. For fifty years he had worked in the firm, from which he had lately retired, having been chief partner for more than half that period. His motto in business had always been Method; and he certainly carried out his principle in every action; not, however, like some methodical people, who think that every one else should go out of the way that their regulated routine may not be interrupted. On the contrary, in his ordinary life—although every hour of the day had its appointed purpose—he readily lent himself to aid in the pleasures or business of his friends; nor did he look harshly on those whose habits were not just so exact as his own. His mind was large enough to see that it would be impossible, indeed not desirable, that all men should think like him; and that a sound intellect and good moral worth are to be found amongst the apparently light and careless, as well as amongst the methodical and steady. At the same time, in his own immediate business concerns, he insisted on a methodical system being strictly adhered to. 'Gentlemen,'

he was wont to say to his clerks, 'out of the office you may be sky-rockets if you please; in the office, chronometers.'

'I daresay, John,' he continued to me, 'you think that I am a sort of old moral parallel-ruler, and that I never can get beyond making one line run straight alongside of another; but believe me, as your father's old friend, and yours too, my boy, that there is nothing like method. From the smallest to the greatest transaction, do everything as if you were casting up accounts—for you know how soon a little error multiplies—and beware of trusting to your memory anything that should be put down in black and white. There now; I have given you a lecture, and I hope you are not vexed?'

'Not a bit, sir,' I replied. 'I daresay—I'm sure you are right; and indeed I never looked on you in the light of a parallel-ruler; though I should not object bearing a little resemblance myself to that respectable instrument. And yet, I fear I should never be able to bring myself to keep account of the numbers of every note I received.'

'And yet,' my companion replied, 'they think it worth while to do so at the Bank you get them from. How about if you lost them?'

'That's true,' said I; 'but it's not very likely. I always keep my wits about me.'

'Just like you—just like you young men: you're all so sharp. Never mind, my dear boy. Come up this evening—I dine at six—and I'll tell you a story in which the honour and credit of a young man—all that he was worth to society and himself, depended on the number of a bank-note.'

Six o'clock with Mr Renshaw meant six o'clock; and I am sure, by his hearty welcome, he felt a little flattered at my remembrance of his hobby, as I entered the drawing-room just five minutes before the hour. The dinner-party was quite a family one, comprising besides ourselves, Mrs Renshaw and their two daughters. I could not help observing during dinner how quietly regular everything was conducted, yet without the slightest stiffness. Everything that was needed was at hand; and the courses were noiselessly removed or replaced without any ringing of bells or other interruption to the cheerful conversation which was being carried on.

'Now, John,' said my host, when the ladies had left the room, and we had drawn up our chairs near the fire and had placed the decanters within reach, 'fill your glass; and don't mind me—old method, you see—whilst I tell you my story. But I must first fetch the documents from my study.'

Following my friend's advice, I filled my glass and cracked a few filberts; and in a few minutes Mr Renshaw returned, bringing with him three newspapers, which he laid beside him on the table. He then drew from his coat a pocket-book of the usual shape that 'City'-men carry about with them, but differing from those in ordinary use in being of a bright blue colour. 'Another of my whims, John. I had my memorandum-book made of an unusual colour, that it might be more easily traced if lost; and now,' he continued, placing the book beside the papers, 'my memoranda are all in order, and I only ask your attention.'

'I daresay you have heard your father speak

of a Mr Brierly—though perhaps not, as I now remember he must have died when you were quite a child. However, your father knew him well, and I also knew him, but not very intimately, although I have at different times transacted business for him. He knew little about such matters himself, and always left everything connected with his property in the hands of an agent—not that I ever acted as such, my connection with him being casual. He was possessed of a little landed property; but the bulk of his money was invested in stock of different kinds. He dabbled, however, very little in the share-market; for though his man of business was willing enough to speculate, yet old Mr Brierly said that he had enough and to spare; and whenever he knew his money was safely invested, then he let it stay; so that his agent had little to do, and his pickings were proportionably small.

'Little or nothing was known of Mr Brierly before he came to settle near Hanwell, where he bought himself a pretty place, and lived in strict retirement with his only daughter and sole companion, a child about ten or eleven years old. Different stories were of course in circulation as to who he was and where he came from. Some hinted at a deserted wife; others, that he was a widower. The latter I have reason to believe was correct. But as far as he was concerned, he never satisfied the curiosity of his neighbours, but lived quietly on, having apparently no thought or pleasure beyond his child. As I told you, he was nothing of a business man; and like many such, he placed entire trust in his agent, or more correctly agents; for the management of his estate was confided to the hands of Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, solicitors and conveyancers of Bell-yard, Doctors' Commons. The firm used to be Dibden & Knollys, until Dibden's only son Stephen joined it, when his name was added; shortly after which event, Knollys died; but the name was retained by the firm; so that at the time I speak of, the whole business belonged to the two Dibdens, father and son. Why Mr Brierly should have ever selected such agents, or how he met them, I never found out; but he placed in them the most implicit confidence, and used constantly to send for the elder Dibden to his house, especially during the last two years before his death, when his health was failing, and he disliked the trouble and fatigue of going up to town.

'Whether it was Dibden's cleverness as a man of business that he was taken with, or whether he was managed by cunning, I know not, but he certainly let him obtain a great deal of influence over him; and at his death, which took place when his child was only fifteen years of age, his will directed that she should be under the guardianship of Dibden; who, during her minority, or as long as she remained with him, was to receive five hundred pounds a year for his charge. It, moreover, directed that she was not to marry before she was legally of age, and then only with Dibden's consent, until after her twenty-fifth birthday, when she was free to do as she liked. The most curious part of the will—and it evidently shews that whatever influence Dibden exerted over the old man was not sufficient to induce him to attach a permanent penalty on his child if she disobeyed his wishes—was that, in the event of her not comply-

ing with the terms of the will, she should have only an allowance of five hundred pounds a year during her life; but that the property should be settled on her children, to be enjoyed by them after her death. Hard as this arrangement was, for a loved and only child to be excluded from being mistress of her property for four years after she became of age, unless she married with her guardian's consent in the meantime, I am certain myself that it would have been harder if Dibden could have managed it; but he was evidently not able to convince the father that after twenty-five years of age a woman's fortune might not be safely left to her own discretion. Everybody was of course surprised at the will; but as there were no relatives to interfere, no question was raised; and as soon as the funeral was over, Dibden took the child home with him.

'I must now pass over a space of five years. The child of fifteen had grown into a beautiful girl of twenty, and a sweeter and kinder never breathed. Now John, if you won't laugh at an old man getting enthusiastic about a girl young enough to be his grandchild, I will describe her to you. She had a clear frank open face—a face that to look at once, was sufficient to read truth and trust written on it. Her fair golden hair sometimes seemed like a glory round it, as the rays of the sun danced on its luxuriant folds; and the pleasant smile that she greeted one with, made one feel that if the term angel could be applied to mortal, it might be to her. Her nose was straight and small; and her eyes—John, I never saw such coloured eyes on a fair person—they were dark violet, with long lashes.—There! you're laughing at me; I shall tell you no more about her, except to say she was as good as she was beautiful. To do Dibden justice, he dealt very fairly with her as far as education went. No expense was spared; she had the best masters for everything. But she was never permitted to go into society. To be sure, he used to have some female relatives of his own or of Mrs Dibden's from time to time to stay at his little villa in Brixton; but as neither he nor his wife was very well connected, it is doubtful whether their society was any advantage to his ward. One of the few young men she ever saw was Dibden's son, now about thirty years of age, and as ill-favoured a fellow as one might meet between Charing Cross and the Bank, and as rude and coarse in manner as he was unpleasant in countenance. Nor had he even the cleverness of his father to make up for his moral and personal deficiencies. When I say he was about the only acquaintance of the male sex that she had, I mean he was the only one openly acknowledged; for she had—wonderful how Nature asserts her prerogative—another that no one knew of but herself and him, to whom she had surrendered all the affection of a pure and loving heart—and no blame to her, poor girl. As she grew from childhood to womanhood, she began to feel the irksomeness of her position, and she naturally enough attached herself to the first friend she met who had tastes and feelings in common with her.

'Year after year, she felt a growing dislike to her guardian and his family, who continually reminded her of the legal authority he possessed. However, she remained very passive until the twenty-first anniversary of her birthday, when

she surprised her guardian by demanding to hear the contents of her father's will. At first he refused; but she insisted. "I am of age to-day, Mr Dibden," she said, "and my own mistress. You are now only guardian of my money. I require to hear the contents of my father's will; I know you have a copy."

'On hearing it, she only said: "Four years more," and walked out of the room.

'About this time, young Dibden commenced annoying her with his attentions, proving to her, what she had already suspected, that to secure her hand and fortune for Stephen, had been the plot of the worthy pair. She did not, however, feel any uneasiness; but from time to time she was subjected to much that was trying and vexatious; until at last matters were brought to a crisis by Stephen Dibden offering marriage—telling her at the same time he hoped to be able to get his father's consent. She stared at him some seconds before she replied, and then said: "Marry you! Get your father's consent! Are you mad, Mr Dibden? You forget your place;" and she walked calmly out of the room.

'At this time, she had not actually engaged herself, but doubtless the circumstance precipitated matters; for, the first time after this that she met George Hamilton, she told him of her annoyance, and then burst into tears.—Now, John, if a nice girl to whom you had paid a little regular attention, but of whose mind you were not quite certain, suddenly bursts into tears as she tells you of her troubles, and, so to speak, throws herself on your protection, what do you think you would do? Why, ten to one, I'll be bound you would do exactly what George Hamilton did—offer her your hand and heart on the spot; and the same odds that, like him, you would be accepted. So George Hamilton went back to his lodgings that evening as happy as a king, the affianced husband of Clara Brierly.

'But I have not told you who George Hamilton was. Well, he was Dibden's head-clerk; and a first-rate one he was. He had been bound as an articulated pupil in another house; but just as his apprenticeship was up, his father died; and he had not the means to prosecute his profession, and was indeed thrown on his own resources. London is not, as you know, a place for an honest man to live without the means of paying his way; and so Hamilton found; and accordingly he took the first clerkship that offered, which was in the office of Dibden, Knollys, and Dibden, at the munificent salary of ninety pounds a year. However, they soon found that they had a man above the common; and in order that they might not lose him, they gave him a progressive salary, which at this time had reached one hundred and twenty pounds a year. George Hamilton was a gentleman in every sense of the word—the son of a retired officer, who had nothing to leave him but gentle blood, an honourable name, and his blessing. At the time of his engagement, he was about twenty-five years of age, and a fine handsome young fellow. It was by the merest chance that he had ever met Clara Brierly, as the Dibdens naturally took good care that such a formidable rival to Stephen should be kept out of the way. However, his introduction to the girl happened in this wise. One day old Dibden was unwell, and Stephen had gone out of town, when a letter was brought to

the office requiring immediate attention—the contents of which Hamilton did not feel justified in dealing with without seeing his principal; and for this purpose, he repaired to Dibden's private residence. He was about to ring the bell, when the door was opened by Miss Brierly, who was just going out. Hamilton drew back, to let her pass, at first supposing she was a visitor leaving the house, wondering at the same time that the Dibdens should have an acquaintance of so elegant and aristocratic an appearance. He was not, therefore, a little surprised when he was asked by a soft sweet voice, if he was being attended to; which was in nowise abated the same he asked him in, and said she would send a servant to attend to him.

"Charming girl!" he said to himself as she went away. And then a sudden thought struck him. The ward!

'Now, if George had been a commonplace young man, she would have passed through the hall and gone out without minding him; such, however, was by no means the case; and as the girl gave range to her thoughts, she was fain to admit that she had never seen any one who impressed her so much at first sight. Yes; Clara Brierly was in love—had fallen in love at a glance. Not that she acknowledged such a state of things to herself; she only kept thinking and thinking about him day after day—he was such a contrast to Stephen Dibden.

'As for George Hamilton, he did not wait to analyse his feelings; that first slight rencontre did it; and before he got back to the office, he had built himself a castle, wherein he had worked himself into Dibden's favour, and become a partner, and won the hand of his lovely charge.

'Now, John, I am not going to enter into the details of a romantic love-affair—you know what love can do—they met and met again, and learned each other's history; and at last, as I told you before, exchanged vows of eternal love.'

ON THE POWER OF EXPRESSION.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE says of her father, Mr Lyman Beecher, that he had in a very high degree the power of expression; by which she means, the power of letting those who had done him a favour know that he was grateful to them for it. Perhaps to this is partly due the fact, that most of the children of that remarkable man have also this power.

Many, however, are lamentably deficient in this respect, and are like poor Barkis in *David Copperfield*, who when he wished to tell his intended that he wanted to marry her, concentrated all his power of expression in the words, 'Barkis is willin'.' The well-known French *littérateur*, M. Taine, writing in the English papers a few years ago, on English manners and customs, tells of a coachman, whose horses becoming unmanageable, bolted up one street and down another, till at last they went galloping down a mews, when a stableman came out, taught hold of the horses, completely quieted them, turned their heads round, and saw them and the carriage safely out into the street again, only uttering a grunt or two during the whole time; and the coachman who had received this great kindness at the hands of his countryman, simply nodded his head in recognition of it, and drove away without a word.

We English are certainly a remarkable people; a stranger, for instance, may go in and out of a place of worship for many months, and not have a word spoken to him by any single individual. It is the same in our public conveyances. What a luxury it is to find any one in a railway carriage who will genially respond to any remark one may venture to make. As a rule, you are looked upon almost as an intruder, in 'bus, train, or tram, especially if the conveyance happen to be nearly full. Even at a Christmas party, during the early part of the evening every one seems frozen, until some pleasant individual, who has cultivated the power of expression, thaws the ice, and sets the waters of conversation flowing.

In all this, we are very like our German neighbours, but strikingly unlike our nearer neighbours across the Channel, who have the charming faculty of being able to set people at their ease, without an effort, and of acknowledging a favour so politely, that one longs for an opportunity of shewing them another. At a religious Convention, held at Brighton a few years ago, many German and French clergymen were present. At one of the meetings, a gentleman connected with the press sat during the singing of one of the hymns, with a copy of the hymns and tunes before him. One of the German pastors sat beside him, and asked if he might use the book. It was handed to him. He used it throughout the service, without once offering it to the owner, and when all was over, laid it down without a word or sign of thanks. At the next meeting, a French pastor sat in the same place, when the very same thing occurred, with this difference, that the Frenchman politely insisted on the owner of the book sharing it with him, thanked him with a warm shake of the hand when the meeting was over, and always politely bowed when they afterwards met in the grounds.

There are people in the world with very kind hearts, who yet hurt others, just as that German pastor did, simply from not using that power of expression, which surely all have, in more or less degree. Others are troubled with a painful reserve, which prevents them from giving expression to their feelings, although they may be very warm and very deep, and they are often wofully misunderstood by those about them. Tennyson tells of a certain shy Ellen Adair, who, though dying for her lover, caused herself to be so misunderstood by him, that he left her, uttering such stinging words, that they broke the poor girl's heart; and when upon his return he found how grievously they had misconceived each other, he wrote upon her tombstone:

Here lies the body of Ellen Adair,
And here the heart of Edward Gray.

It is terrible to think what mischief has been wrought among children and young people by this want of the power of expression on the part of parents and teachers. How many a sensitive child has been almost ruined, by parents who never saw that he was trying his very utmost to please; or if they saw it, never did as Lyman Beecher did with his children, let them know that he saw and appreciated the act, however slight it might appear to be. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after

racking his brains to think how he too can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers, and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it; but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed, his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered; and the boy goes up to bed with a choking feeling in his throat, and says his prayer by the bedside, with a sadness very real in his heart. Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be; the fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored.

A little girl has battled bravely with herself, and got up early on a Sunday morning, done many little things for her mother, hurried over her breakfast, and got to her school in time. There has been her teacher, stiff and cold, with just a nod of recognition for the child and nothing more. Without knowing exactly why, the little scholar has felt very sad. How delighted she would have been, if the teacher had, with ungloved hand, kindly drawn her to her side, and said with a beaming face, how pleased she was to see her at school so early.

If parents and teachers would but cultivate this grace of expression, how good it would be! Many alas! exercise the grace in a way which makes one wish they were bereft of the power altogether, for they are for ever finding fault. They are troubled with a conscientious conviction that they must look for defects in those about them. Of course they find them, and then they are pointed out in a way that cruelly wounds a highly conscientious and sensitive nature, and incalculable harm is done. The governess of a large school, forgetting that her assistants are possibly harassed with little cares as well as she is, and are also as desirous of doing their duty, comes into the class-room of one who has done all she can think of for the benefit of her charge; and instead of uttering a few words of appreciation, and then kindly hinting that some little thing she sees might be better managed, passes over the good altogether, and fastens on some little remissness which scarcely deserved mention. What wonder if such a one fails to evoke that enthusiasm in work which it is so charming to see. Blessed are they who look for 'good points' in people—they will be sure to find them; and a pleasant acknowledgment is exceedingly refreshing and helpful, especially to those who are honestly striving to do what they feel to be right. Dr Arnold was one of these, and the result is seen in such scholars as Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, and many others.

Hearts are always drawn out in love and admiration towards those who possess the gift of saying wise strong words at the right time. It is said of Mohammed, that once, when he was all unknown to fame, he addressed a little knot of his acquaintances, asking who would join him, and so spoke, that a boy of sixteen rushed into his arms, and in fierce passionate language declared he would. All know what happened when the First Napoleon, having escaped from Elba, came with a handful of men to the first garrison-town on the continent. The soldiers of the town had

sworn allegiance to the new government. At the sight of Napoleon, they wavered, but yet seemed preparing to fire upon him. He bared his breast, crying, 'Fire, my children!' They dropped their arms, fell at his feet, and cried, 'Vive l'Empereur!'

It is quite remarkable what results have followed from even one simple expression of loving approval. When John Gibson was a little boy, he is said to have sat at the cottage window sketching some geese that were passing. He shewed the sketch to his mother. 'Well done!' she said; 'that's very nice; I should try again if I were you.' He tried again, and became the world-renowned sculptor. Benjamin West when about five years old, was left one summer day in the garden with a baby cousin. He made a rude sketch of the child. 'Why,' said the delighted mother, 'he has sketched little Sally!' He made other sketches after that, and became the favourite painter of George III. and President of the Royal Academy. Years ago, a fond aunt said to a boy who had written out a piece of poetry in shorthand: 'Why, you'll be a shorthand writer in the House of Commons some day!' and the prediction has been fulfilled.

Pleasant, helpful, and never forgotten are all such words of approval. In a large family, there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one, she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concealed, says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: 'I don't know what we should do without you, darling.'

Music is sweet, and will often heal a wounded heart; but the winsome words of approval uttered by one we love, are sweeter still, for they are as balm when they are spoken; and in after-days—days of darkness and of sorrow, they return upon the soul with healing on their wings.

HOW TO IDENTIFY LIGHTHOUSE LIGHTS.

THE readers of this *Journal* are more or less familiar with the main features of our grand and important *lighthouse* system—how that the light-houses themselves are built upon lonely cliffs, dangerous shores, and half-submerged rocks out at sea; how that some of the finest engineering has been called for in their planning and construction, to enable them to bear age after age the fury of raging storms and cyclones; how that, for illuminating them at night, open cressets or fire-pots gave way to large candles, these again to oil lamps, until now oil is competing with gas and the electric light for approval; how that focalising lenses and reflecting mirrors are employed to intensify the light in some particular directions; and how that coloured glass, revolving lanterns, and screens or shutters are in many instances used to modify the flashing and general appearance of the light.

This latter point is constantly receiving close attention; and a recent Official Correspondence shews that more and more improvements are suggested as being fitted for adoption. To distin-

guish one lighthouse from another during daylight is easy to the practised mariner or pilot; but not so at night if the lights are white and similar. Hence the use of distinguishing characteristics. Some of the lights are white, some red, some green; some are fixed and uniform; some revolve once in a minute or less, and are obscured or hidden part of the time by self-acting screens or shutters, presenting alternations of illumination and darkness to a ship out at sea.

But many scientific men are now of opinion that something is still wanted to enable mariners to distinguish one lighthouse from another in all kinds of weather at night. They suggest the adoption of other characteristics as means of identification. The most active among these advisers is Sir William Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, and one of the most able and accomplished scientific men in Europe.

Sir William first publicly broached the subject about six years ago, at the Brighton meeting of the British Association. He has never since lost sight of it. He has been in correspondence with the Committee of Lloyd's, the Trinity House (the owners and managers of nearly all the lighthouses on the English and Welsh coasts), the Commissioners of Northern Lights (who bear a similar relation to the Scottish system), the Conservators of Irish Lights, and the Board of Trade—all in their several ways interested in this important subject. The Committee of Lloyd's, towards the close of 1879, invited the special attention of the Trinity House; and this has led to much additional correspondence in 1880.

Sir William advocates the application to lighthouse illumination of the code or alphabet invented by Professor Morse, and employed with so much success in practical telegraphy. It is called the *dot-and-dash* system; one dot or short dash on a ribbon of paper being easily distinguishable from a longer dash. In regard to lighthouses, the idea is to make long and short flashes of light succeed one another in a certain routine or alternation. One routine only is to be used in any one lighthouse, to distinguish it from all neighbouring lights. He dwelt earnestly on the known facts of the case: 'When the Bishop or the Eddystone (the names of two of our celebrated lighthouses) is first descried in hazy weather, how can either be known to be what it is, and not to be a steamer's mast-head light? Every one who has the slightest experience of the sea knows that the doubt in such cases very frequently lasts for many precious minutes. Considering the danger all round of steam and sailing navigation on our coasts in foggy weather, uncertainties of even a few minutes' duration are a fertile source of disaster, either by collision or by running on rocks.'

In working out the details, one system is the dot-dash or short-long, with an eclipse of a quarter of a minute or so before the recurrence of another pair; the double-dash or long-long is another system, with a similar eclipse of measurable brevity between the pairs; the dot-dash-dot-dash or short-long-short-long is another, marked by its own characteristics. All these and other routines are recommended for adoption in different lighthouses, each establishing and maintaining its own identity.

The Irish Lighthouse Board has adopted this ingenious Morse code in some of the lighthouses on the coast of Ireland; and the results are accepted by Sir William Thomson as furnishing testimony in support of his views: 'The perfect success of the dot-dash system in the Holywood Bank Light, the first to which it was applied, and the equally satisfactory results in the cases of the Gamel Point, Greenock (dot-dot) and Craigmore (dot-dash-dot-dash) Lights, shew that there is no good foundation for the contention of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House that long and short occultations could only be accurately understood in circumstances of easy navigation, and on the comfortable deck of a well-found and highly disciplined ship.' The Harbour Master of Belfast, when applied to for any evidence bearing on the point, stated that 'The masters of vessels frequenting this port consider that the light (dot-dash system) is a very useful one for vessels making the harbour, not at all likely to be mistaken for any other light, and is easily and clearly distinguished even in somewhat thick weather.' This report certainly tends in favour of Sir William Thomson's views.

He recommends that the occulting lights—that is, intervals of darkness between flashes of light—should not be coloured with red or green or any other tinted glass; except in special circumstances they should be perfectly white. Nothing, he believes, would better discriminate a cliff or rock light from a ship's light than an occulting appearance presented by the former. He also entertains an opinion that in our present revolving lights the period of alternation between darkness and illumination is too long; it should range somewhere between five seconds and twenty seconds, instead of between half a minute and a minute or more.

It is not surprising that the Trinity Board—or, to use the majestic designation, Elder Brethren of the Trinity House—should hesitate about the suggested new system, to which they—as well as certain mariners whose opinions have been taken—have raised some objections. Large sums have been expended in bringing the present arrangements into regular working order, and it would be rather costly to introduce anything new. Nevertheless the public, especially the mercantile marine, have a right to expect that the best should be done that can be done; for the annual revenues derived from tolls and dues are large and ample.

THE PROPOSED ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A PETITION has lately been presented by the Prince of Wales to the Queen, praying her to grant a Charter of Incorporation to the Royal College of Music. It sets forth that in 1875 a school for music called the National Training School for Music was established at Kensington Gore (South Kensington) under a Committee of management, of which the Queen's dutiful and loving son Alfred Duke of Edinburgh is President. The School has for its object the education of persons evincing special aptitude for music, but unable to bear the whole expense of their education. The School has, by the liberality of various donors, been endowed with considerable annual grants—the Queen, some of her sons and daughters, the Society of Arts, and many of

the city Companies being among the donors. The Training School has had a fair measure of success, considering the shortness of time during which it has been in operation. 'In the judgment of your Petitioner,' the Prince proceeds to say, 'it is expedient that a Royal College of Music should be formed on a more permanent and extended basis than any existing institution, with the inclusion as part thereof of the National Training School at South Kensington. Such a College would have a capacity to exercise a powerful influence on the cultivation, practice, and regulation of the art and science of music, and further might officially aid in the promotion and supervision of musical instruction in elementary schools and elsewhere.' Therefore a charter of incorporation is prayed for at the hands of Her Majesty, for a Royal College of Music, 'or such other title as to Your Majesty may seem fit.'

The Duke of Edinburgh is known to be an accomplished musician; but a more exalted rank has led to the placing of the Prince of Wales in the position of President, whether or not he is skilled in music. The Petition is in the name of the Prince, but most likely other hands prepared the proposed draft of a charter appended to it.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, and Sir Richard Wallace are the only three persons named as recipients of the charter and representatives of the College; but others may be appointed at the royal will and pleasure, with the usual common seal of a corporate body. The first President is the Prince of Wales; on his demise or resignation the sovereign will nominate his successor. The Vice-presidents, nominated by the President, must not be less in number than four nor more than fifteen. The Principal and Vice-principal must be professional musicians; the President appoints the former, who then appoints the latter, subject to the approval of the Council. This Council is to consist of thirty members—three official, namely, the President, Principal, and Vice-principal; and the rest ordinary, to be nominated in the first instance by the Prince President; afterwards, the members will be elected for three years each by the whole corporate body of the College.

So much for the governing body, and next for the musical staff. The teachers will consist of Masters and Assistant-masters, appointed by the Principal, subject to the approval of the Council. A Board of studies, comprising six musical experts, will superintend the actual studies on a systematic basis. The pupils will comprise (1) scholars whose education and maintenance are wholly or in part defrayed gratuitously; (2) government pupils, whose education is conducted on terms agreed upon between the College and the government; and (3) pupils who pay for the whole of their education. Those learners who pass successfully through the prescribed examinations are entitled to a certificate, and may call themselves Graduates. The most competent of these Graduates may become Fellows; and donors are invited to found Fellowships, to be awarded by competition.

The range of powers possessed by the Council, in regard to the spread of musical education, is considerable—making engagements with the government in regard to governmental and elementary

schools, in inspection, examinations, aiding to supply musical teachers, and bestowal of scholarships; negotiating with musical societies and other bodies in various ways to further their aims; and providing houses for the entire or partial maintenance of scholars and government pupils.

Stripped of tedious technicalities of detail, this brief sketch will give a general idea of the proposed Royal College of Music—a scheme which has our hearty good wishes.

The Scottish Musical Society, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is president, and the Earl of Rosebery chairman of Council, has, we are pleased to observe, been formed in Scotland with a similar object to that of the Royal College of Music.

A LUMP OF CARBON.

TELL me, lump of Carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
While thy flames rise twisting, turning,
Quench in me this curious yearning,
Ages past elucidate.

Tell me of the time when, waving
High above the primal world,
Thou, a giant palm-tree, lifting
Thy proud head above the shifting
Of the storm-cloud's lightning hurled,
While the tropic sea, hot laving,
Round thy roots its billows curled.

Tell me, did the Mammoth, straying
Near that mighty trunk of yours,
On the verdure stop and graze,
Which thy ample base displays,
Or his weary limbs down laying,
Sleep away the tardy hours?

Perchance some monstrous Saurian, sliding,
Waddled up the neighbouring strand,
Or leapt into its native sea
With something of agility,
Though all ungainly on the land;
While near your roots, in blood-stained fray,
Maybe two Ichthyc beasts colliding,
Bit and fought their lives away.

Tell me, Ancient Palm-corpse, was there
In that world of yours primeval
Aught of man in perfect shape?
Was there good? and was there evil?
Was it man? or was it ape?

Tell me, lump of Carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
Lies there in each human face
Something of the monkey's trace?
Tell me, have we lost a link?
Stir thy coaly brain and think,
While thy red flames rise and sink,
Ages past elucidate.

W. B. T.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.